

LOVER'S GIFT  
AND  
CROSSING

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

RT



Class PR6039

Book A2L6

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

copy 2





LOVER'S GIFT

AND

CROSSING



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS  
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED  
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA  
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.  
TORONTO

✓  
LOVER'S GIFT

AND

CROSSING

BY

✓  
Sir

RABINDRANATH TAGORE ✓

||

New York  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
1918

*All rights reserved*

copy

FR6059  
A21.6  
COPY 2

COPYRIGHT, 1918  
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ✓  
Set up and electrotyped. Published January, 1918.



APR 10 1918 ✓

©Cl.A494535 ✓

R

no 2



**LOVER'S GIFT**



1

YOU allowed your kingly power to vanish, Shah-jahan, but your wish was to make imperishable a tear-drop of love.

Time has no pity for the human heart, he laughs at its sad struggle to remember.

You allured him with beauty, made him captive, and crowned the formless death with fadeless form.

The secret whispered in the hush of night to the ear of your love is wrought in the perpetual silence of stone.

Though empires crumble to dust, and centuries are lost in shadows, the marble still sighs to the stars, "I remember."

"I remember."—But life forgets, for she has her call to the Endless: and she goes on her voyage unburdened, leaving her memories to the forlorn forms of beauty.

## 2

COME to my garden walk, my love. Pass by the fervid flowers that press themselves on your sight. Pass them by, stopping at some chance joy, that like a sudden wonder of sunset illumines, yet eludes.

For love's gift is shy, it never tells its name, it flits across the shade, spreading a shiver of joy along the dust. Overtake it or miss it for ever. But a gift that can be grasped is merely a frail flower, or a lamp with a flame that will flicker.

## 3

THE fruits come in crowds into my orchard, they jostle each other. They surge up in the light in an anguish of fullness.

Proudly step into my orchard, my queen, sit there in the shade, pluck the ripe fruits from their stems, and let them yield, to the utmost, their burden of sweetness at your lips.

In my orchard the butterflies shake their wings in the sun, the leaves tremble, the fruits clamour to come to completion.

## 4

SHE is near to my heart as the meadow-flower to the earth; she is sweet to me as sleep is to tired limbs. My love for her is my life flowing in its fullness, like a river in autumn flood, running with serene abandonment. My songs are one with my love, like the murmur of a stream, that sings with all its waves and currents.

## 5

I WOULD ask for still more, if I had the sky with all its stars, and the world with its endless riches; but I would be content with the smallest corner of this earth if only she were mine.

## 6

IN the light of this thriftless day of spring, my poet, sing of those who pass by and do not linger, who laugh as they run and never look back, who blossom in an hour of unreasoning delight, and fade in a moment without regret.

Do not sit down silently, to tell the beads of your past tears and smiles,—do not stop to pick up the dropped petals from the flowers of overnight, do not go to seek things that evade you, to know the meaning that is not plain,—leave the gaps in your life where they are, for the music to come out of their depths.



## 7

IT is little that remains now, the rest was spent in one careless summer. It is just enough to put in a song and sing to you; to weave in a flower-chain gently clasping your wrist; to hang in your ear like a round pink pearl, like a blushing whisper; to risk in a game one evening and utterly lose.

My boat is a frail small thing, not fit for crossing wild waves in the rain. If you but lightly step on it I shall gently row you by the shelter of the shore, where the dark water in ripples are like a dream-ruffled sleep; where the dove's cooing from the drooping branches makes the noon-day shadows plaintive. At the day's end, when you are tired, I shall pluck a dripping lily to put in your hair and take my leave.

## 8

THERE is room for you. You are alone with your few sheaves of rice. My boat is crowded, it is heavily laden, but how can I turn you away? your young body is slim and swaying; there is a twinkling smile in the edge of your eyes, and your robe is coloured like the rain-cloud.

The travellers will land for different roads and homes. You will sit for a while on the prow of my boat, and at the journey's end none will keep you back.

Where do you go, and to what home, to garner your sheaves? I will not question you, but when I fold my sails and moor my boat, I shall sit and wonder in the evening,—Where do you go, and to what home, to garner your sheaves?

## 9

WOMAN, your basket is heavy, your limbs are tired. For what distance have you set out, with what hunger of profit? The way is long and the dust is hot in the sun.

See, the lake is deep and full, its water dark like a crow's eye. The banks are sloping and tender with grass.

Dip your tired feet into the water. The noon-tide wind will pass its fingers through your hair; the pigeons will croon their sleep songs, the leaves will murmur the secrets that nestle in the shadows.

What matters it if the hours pass and the sun sets; if the way through the desolate land be lost in the waning light.

Yonder is my house, by the hedge of flowering *henna*; I will guide you. I will make a bed for you, and light a lamp. In the morning when the birds are roused by the stir of milking the cows, I will waken you.

## 10

WHAT is it that drives these bees from their home; these followers of unseen trails? What cry is this in their eager wings? How can they hear the music that sleeps in the flower soul? How can they find their way to the chamber where the honey lies shy and silent?

## 11

It was only the budding of leaves in the summer, the summer that came into the garden by the sea. It was only a stir and rustle in the south wind, a few lazy snatches of songs, and then the day was done.

But let there be flowering of love in the summer to come in the garden by the sea. Let my joy take its birth and clap its hands and dance with the surging songs, and make the morning open its eyes wide in sweet amazement.

## 12

AGES ago when you opened the south gate of the garden of gods, and came down upon the first youth of the earth, O Spring; men and women rushed out of their houses, laughing and dancing, and pelting each other with flower-dust in a sudden madness of mirth

Year after year you bring the same flowers that you scattered in your path in that earliest April. Therefore, to-day, in their pervading perfume, they breathe the sigh of the days that are now dreams,—the clinging sadness of vanished worlds. Your breeze is laden with love-legends that have faded from all human language.

One day, with fresh wonder, you came into my life that was fluttered with its first love. Since then the tender timidness of that inexperienced joy comes hidden every year in the early green buds of your lemon flowers; your red roses carry in their burning silence all that was unutterable in me; the memory of lyric hours, those days of May, rustles in the thrill of your new leaves born again and again.

## 13

LAST night in the garden I offered you my youth's foaming wine. You lifted the cup to your lips, you shut your eyes and smiled while I raised your veil, unbound your tresses, drawing down upon my breast your face sweet with its silence, last night when the moon's dream overflowed the world of slumber.

To-day in the dew-cooled calm of the dawn you are walking to God's temple, bathed and robed white, with a basketful of flowers in your hand. I stand aside in the shade under the tree, with my head bent, in the calm of the dawn by the lonely road to the temple.

## 14

IF I am impatient to-day, forgive me, my love. It is the first summer rain, and the riverside forest is aflutter, and the blossoming *kadam* trees, are tempting the passing winds with wine-cups of perfume. See, from all corners of the sky lightnings are darting their glances, and winds are rampant in your hair.

If to-day I bring my homage to you, forgive me, my love. The everyday world is hidden in the dimness of the rain, all work has stopped in the village, the meadows are desolate. In your dark eyes the coming of the rain finds its music, and it is at your door that July waits with jasmynes for your hair in its blue skirt.



## 15

HER neighbours call her dark in the village— but she is a lily to my heart, yes, a lily though not fair. Light came muffled with clouds, when first I saw her in the field; her head was bare, her veil was off, her braided hair hanging loose on her neck. She may be dark as they say in the village, but I have seen her black eyes and am glad.

The pulse of the air boded storm. She rushed out of the hut, when she heard her dappled cow low in dismay. For a moment she turned her large eyes to the clouds, and felt a stir of the coming rain in the sky. I stood at the corner of the ricefield,—if she noticed me, it was known only to her (and perhaps I know it). She is dark as the message of shower in summer, dark as the shade of flowering woodland; she is dark as the longing for unknown love in the wistful night of May

## 16

SHE dwelt here by the pool with its landing-stairs in ruins. Many an evening she had watched the moon made dizzy by the shaking of bamboo leaves, and on many a rainy day the smell of the wet earth had come to her over the young shoots of rice.

Her pet name is known here among those date-palm groves, and in the court-years where girls sit and talk, while stitching their winter quilts. The water in this pool keeps in its depth the memory of her swimming limbs, and her wet feet had left their marks, day after day, on the foot-path leading to the village.

The women who come to-day with their vessels to the water, have all seen her smile over simple jests, and the old peasant, taking his bullocks to their bath, used to stop at her door every day to greet her.

Many a sailing boat passes by this village; many a traveller takes rest beneath that banyan tree; the ferry boat crosses to yonder ford carry-

ing crowds to the market; but they never notice this spot by the village road, near the pool with its ruined landing-stairs,—where dwelt she whom I love.

## 17

WHILE ages passed and the bees haunted the summer gardens, the moon smiled to the lilies of the night, the lightnings flashed their fiery kisses to the clouds and fled laughing, the poet stood in a corner, one with the trees and clouds. He kept his heart silent, like a flower, watched through his dreams as does the crescent moon; and wandered like the summer breeze for no purpose.

One April evening, when the moon rose up like a bubble from the depth of the sunset; and one maiden was busy watering the plants; and one feeding her doe, and one making her peacock dance, the poet broke out singing,—“O listen to the secrets of the world. I know that the lily is pale for the moon's love. The lotus draws her veil aside before the morning sun, and the reason is simple if you think. The meaning of the bee's hum in the ear of the early jasmine has escaped the learned, but the poet knows.”

The sun went down in a blaze of blush, the

moon loitered behind the trees, and the south wind whispered to the lotus, that the poet was not as simple as he seemed. The maidens and youths clapped their hands and cried,—“The world’s secret is out.” They looked into each other’s eyes and sang—“Let our secret as well be flung into the winds.”

## 18

YOUR days will be full of cares, if you must give me your heart. My house by the cross-roads has its doors open and my mind is absent,—for I sing.

I shall never be made to answer for it, if you must give me your heart. If I pledge my word to you in tunes now, and am too much in earnest to keep it when music is silent, you must forgive me; for the law laid in May is best broken in December.

Do not always keep remembering it, if you must give me your heart. When your eyes sing with love, and your voice ripples with laughter, my answers to your questions will be wild, and not miserly accurate in facts,—they are to be believed for ever and then forgotten for good.

## 19

It is written in the book, that Man, when fifty, must leave the noisy world, to go to the forest seclusion. But the poet proclaims that only for the young is the forest hermitage. For it is the birth-place of flowers, and the haunt of birds and bees; and hidden nooks are waiting there for the thrill of lover's whispers. There the moonlight, that is all one kiss for the *mālati* flowers, has its deep message, but those who understand it are far below fifty.

And alas, youth is inexperienced and wilful, therefore it is but meet, that the old should take charge of the household, and the young take to the seclusion of forest shades, and the severe discipline of courting.

WHERE is the market for you, my song? Is it there where the learned muddle the summer breeze with their snuff; where dispute is unending if the oil depend upon the cask, or the cask upon the oil; where yellow manuscripts frown upon the fleet-footed frivolousness of life? My song cries out, Ah, no, no, no.

Where is the market for you, my song? Is it there where the man of fortune grows enormous in pride and flesh in his marble palace, with his books on the shelves, dressed in leather, painted in gold, dusted by slaves, their virgin pages dedicated to the god obscure? My song gasped and said, Ah, no, no, no.

Where is the market for you, my song? Is it there where the young student sits, with his head bent upon his books, and his mind straying in youth's dream-land; where prose is prowling on the desk, and poetry hiding in the heart? There among that dusty disorder, would you care to



play hide-and-peek? My song remains silent in shy hesitation.

Where is the market for you, my song? Is it there where the bride is busy in the house, where she runs to her bedroom the moment she is free, and snatches, from under her pillows, the book of romance so roughly handled by the baby, so full of the scent of her hair? My song heaves a sigh and trembles with uncertain desire.

Where is the market for you, my song? Is it there where the least of a bird's notes is never missed, where the stream's babbling finds its full wisdom where all the lute-strings of the world shower their music upon two fluttering hearts? My song bursts out and cries, Yes, yes.

## 21

(From the Bengali of DEVENDRANATH SEN)

METHINKS, my love, before the daybreak of life you stood under some waterfall of happy dreams, filling your blood with its liquid turbulence. Or, perhaps, your path was through the garden of the gods, where the merry multitude of jasmine, lilies, and oleanders fell in your arms in heaps, and entering your heart became boisterous.

Your laughter is a song whose words are drowned in the clamour of tune, a rapture of odour of flowers that are not seen; it is like the moonlight breaking through your lips' window when the moon is hiding in your heart. I ask for no reason, I forget the cause, I only know that your laughter is the tumult of insurgent life.

## 22

I SHALL gladly suffer the pride of culture to die out in my house, if only in some fortunate future I am born a herd boy in the Brinda forest.

The herd boy who grazes his cattle sitting under the banyan tree, and idly weaves *gunja* flowers into garlands, who loves to splash and plunge in the Jamuna's cool deep stream.

He calls his companions to wake up when morning dawns, and all the houses in the lane hum with the sound of the churn, clouds of dust are raised by the cattle, the maidens come out in the courtyard to milk the kine.

As the shadows deepen under the *tomal* trees, and the dusk gathers on the river-banks; when the milkmaids, while crossing the turbulent water, tremble with fear; and loud peacocks, with tails outspread, dance in the forest, he watches the summer clouds.

When the April night is sweet as a fresh-blown flower, he disappears in the forest with a pea-

cock's plume in his hair; the swing ropes are twined with flowers on the branches; the south wind throbs with music, and the merry shepherd boys crowd on the banks of the blue river.

No, I will never be the leader, brothers, of this new age of new Bengal; I shall not trouble to light the lamp of culture for the benighted. If only I could be born, under the shady Asoka groves, in some village of Brinda, where milk is churned by the maidens.

## 23

I LOVED the sandy bank where, in the lonely pools, ducks clamoured and turtles basked in the sun; where, with evening, stray fishing-boats took shelter in the shadow by the tall grass.

You loved the wooded bank where shadows were gathered in the arms of the bamboo thickets; where women came with their vessels through the winding lane.

The same river flowed between us, singing the same song to both its banks. I listened to it, lying alone on the sand under the stars; and you listened sitting by the edge of the slope in the early morning light. Only the words I heard from it you did not know and the secret it spoke to you was a mystery for ever to me.

## 24

YOUR window half opened and veil half raised you stand there waiting for the bangle-seller to come with his tinsel. You idly watch the heavy cart creak on in the dusty road, and the boat-mast crawling along the horizon across the far-off river.

The world to you is like an old woman's chant at her spinning-wheel, unmeaning rhymes crowded with random images.

But who knows if he is on his way this lazy sultry noon, the Stranger, carrying his basket of strange wares. He will pass by your door with his clear cry, and you shall fling open your window, cast off your veil, come out of the dusk of your dreams and meet your destiny.

## 25

I CLASP your hands, and my heart plunges into the dark of your eyes, seeking you, who ever evade me behind words and silence.

Yet I know that I must be content in my love, with what is fitful and fugitive. For we have met for a moment in the crossing of the roads. Have I the power to carry you through this crowd of worlds, through this maze of paths? Have I the food that can sustain you, across the dark passage gaping with arches of death?

.

## 26

IF, by chance you think of me, I shall sing to you when the rainy evening loosens her shadows upon the river, slowly trailing her dim light towards the west,—when the day's remnant is too narrow for work or for play.

You will sit alone in the balcony of the south, and I shall sing from the darkened room. In the growing dusk, the smell of the wet leaves will come through the window; and the stormy winds will become clamorous in the cocoanut grove.

When the lighted lamp is brought into the room I shall go. And then, perhaps, you will listen to the night, and hear my song when I am silent.



## 27

I FILLED my tray with whatever I had, and gave it to you. What shall I bring to your feet to-morrow, I wonder. I am like the tree that, at the end of the flowering summer, gazes at the sky with its lifted branches bare of their blossoms.

But in all my past offerings is there not a single flower made fadeless by the eternity of tears?

Will you remember it and thank me with your eyes when I stand before you with empty hands at the leave-taking of my summer days?

28

I DREAMT that she sat by my head, tenderly ruffling my hair with her fingers, playing the melody of her touch. I looked at her face and struggled with my tears, till the agony of unspoken words burst my sleep like a bubble.

I sat up and saw the glow of the milky way above my window, like a world of silence on fire, and I wondered if at this moment she had a dream that rhymed with mine.

## 29

I THOUGHT I had something to say to her when our eyes met across the hedge. But she passed away. And it rocks day and night, like a boat, on every wave of the hours the word that I had to say to her. It seems to sail in the autumn clouds in an endless quest and to bloom into evening flowers seeking its lost moment in the sunset. It twinkles like fireflies in my heart to find its meaning in the dusk of despair the word that I had to say to her.

## 30

THE spring flowers break out like the passionate pain of unspoken love. With their breath comes the memory of my old day songs. My heart of a sudden has put on green leaves of desire. My love came not but her touch is in my limbs, and her voice comes across the fragrant fields. Her gaze is in the sad depth of the sky, but where are her eyes? Her kisses flit in the air, but where are her lips?

31

## A POSY

(From the Bengali of SATYENDRANATH DATTA)

MY flowers were like milk and honey and wine;  
I bound them into a posy with a golden ribbon,  
but they escaped my watchful care and fled away  
and only the ribbon remains.

My songs were like milk and honey and wine,  
they were held in the rhythm of my beating heart,  
but they spread their wings and fled away, the  
darlings of the idle hours, and my heart beats in  
silence.

The beauty I loved was like milk and honey  
and wine, her lips like the rose of the dawn, her  
eyes bee-black. I kept my heart silent lest it  
should startle her, but she eluded me like my  
flowers and like my songs, and my love remains  
alone.

## 32

MANY a time when the spring day knocked at our door I kept busy with my work and you did not answer. Now when I am left alone and heart-sick the spring day comes once again, but I know not how to turn him away from the door. When he came to crown us with joy the gate was shut, but now when he comes with his gift of sorrow his path must be open.

## 33

THE boisterous spring, who once came into my life with its lavish laughter, burdening her hours with improvident roses, setting skies aflame with the red kisses of new-born *ashoka* leaves, now comes stealing into my solitude through the lonely lanes along the brooding shadows heavy with silence, and sits still in my balcony gazing across the fields, where the green of the earth swoons exhausted in the utter paleness of the sky.

## 34

WHEN our farewell moment came, like a low-hanging rain cloud, I had only time to tie a red ribbon on your wrist, while my hands trembled. To-day I sit alone on the grass in the season of *mahua* flowers, with one quivering question in my mind, "Do you still keep the little red ribbon tied on your wrist?"

You went by the narrow road that skirted the blossoming field of flax. I saw that my garland of overnight was still hanging loose from your hair. But why did you not wait till I could gather, in the morning, new flowers for my final gift? I wonder if unaware it dropped on your way,—the garland hanging loose from your hair.

Many a song I had sung to you, morning and evening, and the last one you carried in your voice when you went away. You never tarried to hear the one song unsung I had for you alone and for ever. I wonder if, at last, you are tired of my song that you hummed to yourself while walking through the field.



## 35

LAST night clouds were threatening and *amlak* branches struggled in the grips of the gusty wind. I hoped, if dreams came to me, they would come in the shape of my beloved, in the lonely night loud with rain.

The winds still moan through the fields, and the tear-stained cheeks of dawn are pale. My dreams have been in vain, for truth is hard, and dreams, too, have their own ways.

Last night when the darkness was drunken with storm, and the rain, like night's veil, was torn by the winds into shreds, would it make truth jealous, if untruth came to me in the shape of my beloved, in the starless night loud with rain?

## 36

MY fetters, you made music in my heart. I played with you all day long and made you my ornament. We were the best of friends, my fetters. There were times when I was afraid of you, but my fear made me love you the more. You were companions of my long dark night, and I make my bow to you, before I bid you good-bye, my fetters.

## 37

You had your rudder broken many a time, my boat, and your sails torn to tatters. Often had you drifted towards the sea, dragging anchor and heeded not. But now there has spread a crack in your hull and your hold is heavy. Now is the time for you to end your voyage, to be rocked into sleep by the lapping of the water by the beach.

Alas, I know all warning is vain. The veiled face of dark doom lures you. The madness of the storm and the waves is upon you. The music of the tide is rising high. You are shaken by the fever of that dance.

Then break your chain, my boat, and be free, and fearlessly rush to your wreck.

## 38

THE current in which I drifted ran rapid and strong when I was young. The spring breeze was spendthrift of itself, the trees were on fire with flowers; and the birds never slept from singing.

I sailed with giddy speed, carried away by the flood of passion; I had no time to see and feel and take the world into my being.

Now that youth has ebbed and I am stranded on the bank, I can hear the deep music of all things, and the sky opens to me its heart of stars.

## 39

THERE is a looker-on who sits behind my eyes. It seems he has seen things in ages and worlds beyond memory's shore, and those forgotten sights glisten on the grass, and shiver on the leaves. He has seen under new veils the face of the one beloved, in twilight hours of many a nameless star. Therefore his sky seems to ache with the pain of countless meetings and partings, and a longing pervades this spring breeze,—the longing that is full of the whisper of ages without beginning.

## 40

A MESSAGE came from my youth of vanished days, saying, "I wait for you among the quiverings of unborn May, where smiles ripen for tears and hours ache with songs unsung."

It says, "Come to me across the worn-out track of age, through the gates of death. For dreams fade, hopes fail, the gathered fruits of the year decay, but I am the eternal truth, and you shall meet me again and again in your voyage of life from shore to shore."

## 41

THE girls are out to fetch water from the river—their laughter comes through the trees, I long to join them in the lane, where goats graze in the shade, and squirrels flit from sun to shadow, across the fallen leaves.

But my day's task is already done, my jars are filled. I stand at my door to watch the glistening green of the *areca* leaves, and hear the laughing women going to fetch water from the river.

It has ever been dear to me to carry the burden of my full vessel day after day, in the dew-dipped morning freshness and in the tired glimmer of the dayfall.

Its gurgling water babbled to me when my mind was idle, it laughed with the silent laughter of my joyous thoughts—it spoke to my heart with tearful sobs when I was sad. I have carried it in stormy days, when the loud rain drowned the anxious cooing of doves.

My day's task is done, my jars are filled, the

light wanes in the west, and shadows gather beneath the trees; a sigh comes from the flowering linseed field, and my wistful eyes follow the lane, that runs through the village to the bank of the dark water.



## 42

ARE you a mere picture, and not as true as those stars, true as this dust? They throb with the pulse of things, but you are immensely aloof in your stillness, painted form.

The day was when you walked with me, your breath warm, your limbs singing of life. My world found its speech in your voice, and touched my heart with your face. You suddenly stopped in your walk, in the shadow-side of the Forever, and I went on alone.

Life, like a child, laughs, shaking its rattle of death as it runs; it beckons me on, I follow the unseen; but you stand there, where you stopped behind that dust and those stars; and you are a mere picture.

No, it cannot be. Had the lifeflood utterly stopped in you, it would stop the river in its flow, and the footfall of dawn in her cadence of colours. Had the glimmering dusk of your hair vanished in the hopeless dark, the woodland shade of summer would die with its dreams.

Can it be true that I forgot you? We haste on without heed, forgetting the flowers on the roadside hedge. Yet they breathe unaware into our forgetfulness, filling it with music. You have moved from my world, to take seat at the root of my life, and therefore is this forgetting—remembrance lost in its own depth.

You are no longer before my songs, but one with them. You came to me with the first ray of dawn. I lost you with the last gold of evening. Ever since I am always finding you through the dark. No, you are no mere picture.

## 43

DYING, you have left behind you the great sadness of the Eternal in my life. You have painted my thought's horizon with the sunset colours of your departure, leaving a track of tears across the earth to love's heaven. Clasped in your dear arms, life and death united in me in a marriage bond.

I think I can see you watching there in the balcony with your lamp lighted, where the end and the beginning of all things meet. My world went hence through the doors that you opened—you holding the cup of death to my lips, filling it with life from your own.

## 44

WHEN in your death you died to all that was outside me, vanishing from the thousand things of the world, to be fully reborn in my sorrow, I felt that my life had grown perfect, the man and the woman becoming one in me for ever.

45

BRING beauty and order into my forlorn life, woman, as you brought them into my house when you lived. Sweep away the dusty fragments of the hours, fill the empty jars and mend all neglects. Then open the inner door of the shrine, light the candle, and let us meet there in silence before our God.

## 46

THE sky gazes on its own endless blue and dreams. We clouds are its whims, we have no home. The stars shine on the crown of Eternity. Their records are permanent, while ours are penciled, to be rubbed off the next moment. Our part is to appear on the stage of the air to sound our tambourines and fling flashes of laughter. But from our laughter comes the rain, which is real enough, and thunder which is no jest. Yet we have no claim upon Time for wages, and the breath that blew us into being blows us away before we are given a name.

47

THE road is my wedded companion. She speaks to me under my feet all day, she sings to my dreams all night.

My meeting with her had no beginning, it begins endlessly at each daybreak, renewing its summer in fresh flowers and songs, and her every new kiss is the first kiss to me.

The road and I are lovers. I change my dress for her night after night, leaving the tattered cumber of the old in the wayside inns when the day dawns.

## 48

I TRAVELLED the old road every day, I took my fruits to the market, my cattle to the meadows, I ferried my boat across the stream and all the ways were well known to me.

One morning my basket was heavy with wares. Men were busy in the fields, the pastures crowded with cattle; the breast of earth heaved with the mirth of ripening rice.

Suddenly there was a tremor in the air, and the sky seemed to kiss me on my forehead. My mind started up like the morning out of mist.

I forgot to follow the track. I stepped a few paces from the path, and my familiar world appeared strange to me, like a flower I had only known in bud.

My everyday wisdom was ashamed. I went astray in the fairyland of things. It was the best luck of my life, that I lost my path that morning, and found my eternal childhood.



## 49

WHERE is heaven? you ask me, my child,—the sages tell us it is beyond the limits of birth and death, unswayed by the rhythm of day and night; it is not of this earth.

But your poet knows that its eternal hunger is for time and space, and it strives evermore to be born in the fruitful dust. Heaven is fulfilled in your sweet body, my child, in your palpitating heart.

The sea is beating its drums in joy, the flowers are a-tiptoe to kiss you. For heaven is born in you, in the arms of the mother-dust.

50

## THE CHILD

(Translated from the Bengalin of DWYENDRALAL ROY)

“COME, moon, come down, kiss my darling on the forehead,” cries the mother as she holds the baby girl in her lap while the moon smiles as it dreams. There come stealing in the dark the vague fragrance of the summer and the night-bird’s songs from the shadow-laden solitude of the mango-grove. At a far-away village rises from a peasant’s flute a fountain of plaintive notes, and the young mother, sitting on the terrace, baby in her lap, croons sweetly, “Come, moon, come down, kiss my darling on the forehead.” Once she looks up at the light of the sky, and then at the light of the earth in her arms, and I wonder at the placid silence of the moon.

The baby laughs and repeats her mother’s call, “Come, moon, come down.” The mother smiles, and smiles the moonlit night, and I, the poet, the husband of the baby’s mother, watch this picture from behind, unseen.

## 51

THE early autumn day is cloudless. The river is full to the brim, washing the naked roots of the tottering tree by the ford. The long narrow path, like the thirsty tongue of the village, dips down into the stream.

My heart is full, as I look around me and see the silent sky and the flowing water, and feel that happiness is spread abroad, as simply as a smile on a child's face.

## 52

TIRED of waiting, you burst your bonds, impatient flowers, before the winter had gone. Glimpses of the unseen comer reached your way-side watch, and you rushed out running and panting, impulsive jasmynes, troops of riotous roses.

You were the first to march to the breach of death, your clamour of colour and perfume troubled the air. You laughed and pressed and pushed each other, bared your breast and dropped in heaps.

The Summer will come in its time, sailing in the floodtide of the south wind. But you never counted slow moments to be sure of him. You recklessly spent your all in the road, in the terrible joy of faith.

You heard his footsteps from afar, and flung your mantle of death for him to tread upon. Your bonds break even before the rescuer is seen, you make him your own ere he can come and claim you.

53

## CHAMPA

(From the Bengali of SATYENDRANATH DATTA)

I OPENED my bud when April breathed her last  
and the summer scorched with kisses the un-  
willing earth. I came half afraid and half curious,  
like a mischievous imp peeping at a hermit's cell.

I heard the frightened whispers of the despoiled  
woodland, and the *Kokil* gave voice to the languor  
of the summer; through the fluttering leaf cur-  
tain of my birth-chamber I saw the world grim,  
grey, and haggard.

Yet boldly I came out strong with the faith  
of youth, quaffed the fiery wine from the glowing  
bowl of the sky, and proudly saluted the morn-  
ing, I, the champa flower, who carry the perfume  
of the sun in my heart.

## 54

IN the beginning of time, there rose from the churning of God's dream two women. One is the dancer at the court of paradise, the desired of men, she who laughs and plucks the minds of the wise from their cold meditations and of fools from their emptiness; and scatters them like seeds with careless hands in the extravagant winds of March, in the flowering frenzy of May.

The other is the crowned queen of heaven, the mother, throned on the fullness of golden autumn; she who in the harvest-time brings straying hearts to the smile sweet as tears, the beauty deep as the sea of silence,—brings them to the temple of the Unknown, at the holy confluence of Life and Death.

## 55

THE noonday air is quivering, like gauzy wings of a dragon-fly. Roofs of the village huts brood birdlike over the drowsy households, while a *Kokil* sings unseen from its leafy loneliness.

The fresh liquid notes drop upon the tuneless toil of the human crowd, adding music to lovers' whispers, to mothers' kisses, to children's laughter. They flow over our thoughts, like a stream over pebbles, rounding them in beauty every unconscious moment.

## 56

THE evening was lonely for me, and I was reading a book till my heart became dry, and it seemed to me that beauty was a thing fashioned by the traders in words. Tired I shut the book and snuffed the candle. In a moment the room was flooded with moonlight.

Spirit of Beauty, how could you, whose radiance overbrims the sky, stand hidden behind a candle's tiny flame? How could a few vain words from a book rise like a mist, and veil her whose voice has hushed the heart of earth into ineffable calm?



## 57

THIS autumn is mine, for she was rocked in my heart. The glistening bells of her anklets rang in my blood, and her misty veil fluttered in my breath. I know the touch of her blown hair in all my dreams. She is abroad in the trembling leaves that danced in my life-throbs, and her eyes that smile from the blue sky drank their light from me.

THINGS throng and laugh loud in the sky; the sands and dust dance and whirl like children. Man's mind is aroused by their shouts; his thoughts long to be the playmates of things.

Our dreams, drifting in the stream of the vague, stretch their arms to clutch the earth,—their efforts stiffen into bricks and stones, and thus the city of man is built.

Voices come swarming from the past,—seeking answers from the living moments. Beats of their wings fill the air with tremulous shadows, and sleepless thoughts in our minds leave their nests to take flight across the desert of dimness, in the passionate thirst for forms. They are lampless pilgrims, seeking the shore of light, to find themselves in things. They will be lured into poet's rhymes, they will be housed in the towers of the town not yet planned, they have their call to arms from the battlefields of the future, they are bidden to join hands in the strifes of peace yet to come.

## 59

THEY do not build high towers in the Land of All-I-Have-Found. A grassy lawn runs by the road, with a stream of fugitive water at its side. The bees haunt the cottage porches abloom with passion flowers. The men set out on their errands with a smile, and in the evening they come home with a song, with no wages, in the Land of All-I-Have-Found.

In the midday, sitting in the cool of their courtyards, the women hum and spin at their wheels, while over the waving harvest comes wafted the music of shepherds' flutes. It rejoices the wayfarers' hearts who walk singing through the shimmering shadows of the fragrant forest in the Land of All-I-Have-Found.

The traders sail with their merchandise down the river, but they do not moor their boats in this land; soldiers march with banners flying, but the king never stops his chariot. Travellers who come from afar to rest here awhile, go away

without knowing what there is in the Land of All-I-Have-Found.

Here crowds do not jostle each other in the roads. O poet, set up your house in this land. Wash from your feet the dust of distant wanderings, tune your lute, and at the day's end stretch yourself on the cool grass under the evening star in the Land of All-I-Have-Found.

## 60

TAKE back your coins, King's Councillor. I am of those women you sent to the forest shrine to decoy the young ascetic who had never seen a woman. I failed in your bidding.

Dimly day was breaking when the hermit boy came to bathe in the stream, his tawny locks crowded on his shoulders, like a cluster of morning clouds, and his limbs shining like a streak of sunbeam. We laughed and sang as we rowed in our boat; we jumped into the river in a mad frolic, and danced around him, when the sun rose staring at us from the water's edge in a flush of divine anger.

Like a child-god, the boy opened his eyes and watched our movements, the wonder deepening till his eyes shone like morning stars. He lifted his clasped hands and chanted a hymn of praise in his bird-like young voice, thrilling every leaf of the forest. Never such words were sung to a mortal woman before; they were like the silent hymn to the dawn which rises from the hushed

hills. The women hid their mouths with their hands, their bodies swaying with laughter, and a spasm of doubt ran across his face. Quickly came I to his side, sorely pained, and, bowing to his feet, I said, "Lord, accept my service."

I led him to the grassy bank, wiped his body with the end of my silken mantle, and, kneeling on the ground, I dried his feet with my trailing hair. When I raised my face and looked into his eyes, I thought I felt the world's first kiss to the first woman,—Blessed am I, blessed is God, who made me a woman. I heard him say to me, "What God unknown are you? Your touch is the touch of the Immortal, your eyes have the mystery of the midnight."

Ah, no, not that smile, King's Councillor,—the dust of worldly wisdom has covered your sight, old man. But this boy's innocence pierced the mist and saw the shining truth, the woman divine.

Ah, how the goddess wakened in me, at the awful light of that first adoration. Tears filled my eyes, the morning ray caressed my hair like a sister, and the woodland breeze kissed my forehead as it kisses the flowers.

The women clapped their hands, and laughed their obscene laugh, and with veils dragging on the dust and hair hanging loose, they began to pelt him with flowers.

Alas, my spotless sun, could not my shame weave fiery mist to cover you in its folds? I fell at his feet and cried, "Forgive me." I fled like a stricken deer through shade and sun, and cried as I fled, "Forgive me." The women's foul laughter pressed me like a crackling fire, but the words ever rang in my ears, "What God unknown are you?"





## CROSSING



# 1

THE Sun breaks out from the clouds on the day  
when I must go.

And the sky gazes upon the earth like God's  
wonder.

My heart is sad, for it knows not from where  
comes its call.

Does the breeze bring the whisper of the world  
which I leave behind with its music of tears  
melting in the sunny silence? or the breath  
of the island in the faraway sea basking in  
the Summer of the unknown flowers?

## 2

WHEN the market is over and they return home-  
wards through the dusk,  
I sit at the wayside to watch thee plying thy boat,  
Crossing the dark water with the sunset gleam  
upon thy sail;  
I see thy silent figure standing at the helm and  
suddenly catch thy eyes gazing upon me;  
I leave my song; and cry to thee to take me across.

## 3

THE wind is up, I set my sail of songs,  
Steersman, sit at the helm.

For my boat is fretting to be free, to dance in  
the rhythm of the wind and water.

The day is spent, it is evening.

My friends of the shore have taken leave.

Loose the chain and heave the anchor, we sail by  
the starlight.

The wind is stirred into the murmur of music  
at this time of my departure.

Steersman, sit at the helm.

## 4

ACCEPT me, my lord, accept me for this while.  
Let those orphaned days that passed without  
thee be forgotten.  
Only spread this little moment wide across thy  
lap, holding it under thy light.  
I have wandered in pursuit of voices that drew  
me yet led me nowhere.  
Now let me sit in peace and listen to thy words  
in the soul of my silence.  
Do not turn away thy face from my heart's dark  
secrets, but burn them till they are alight  
with thy fire.

## 5

THE scouts of a distant storm have pitched their  
cloud-tents in the sky; the light has paled;  
the air is damp with tears in the voiceless  
shadows of the forest.

The peace of sadness is in my heart like the  
brooding silence upon the master's lute be-  
fore the music begins.

My world is still with the expectation of the great  
pain of thy coming into my life.

## 6

THOU hast done well, my lover, thou hast done  
well to send me thy fire of pain.  
For my incense never yields its perfume till it  
burns, and my lamp is blind till it is lighted.  
When my mind is numb its torpor must be stricken  
by thy love's lightning; and the very darkness  
that blots my world burns like a torch when  
set afire by thy thunder.



## 7

DELIVER me from my own shadows, my lord,  
from the wrecks and confusion of my days.

For the night is dark and thy pilgrim is blinded,  
Hold thou my hand.

Deliver me from despair.

Touch with thy flame the lightless lamp of my  
sorrow.

Waken my tired strength from its sleep.

Do not let me linger behind counting my losses.

Let the road sing to me of the house at every step.

For the night is dark, and thy pilgrim is blinded.

Hold thou my hand.

## 8

THE lantern which I carry in my hand makes  
enemy of the darkness of the farther road.

And this wayside becomes a terror to me, where  
even the flowering tree frowns like a spectre  
of scowling menace; and the sound of my  
own steps comes back to me in the echo of  
muffled suspicion.

Therefore I pray for thy own morning light, when  
the far and the near will kiss each other and  
death and life will be one in love.

## 9

WHEN thou savest me the steps are lighter in  
the march of thy worlds.

When stains are washed away from my heart it  
brightens the light of thy sun.

That the bud has not blossomed in beauty in  
my life spreads sadness in the heart of crea-  
tion

When the shroud of darkness will be lifted from  
my soul it will bring music to thy smile.

## 10

THOU hast given me thy love, filling the world  
with thy gifts.

They are showered upon me when I do not know  
them, for my heart is asleep and dark is the  
night.

Yet though lost in the cavern of my dreams I have  
been thrilled with fitful gladness;

And I know that in return for the treasure of thy  
great worlds thou wilt receive from me one  
little flower of love in the morning when my  
heart awakes.

## 11

My eyes have lost their sleep in watching; yet  
if I do not meet thee still it is sweet to watch.

My heart sits in the shadow of the rains waiting  
for thy love; if she is deprived still it is sweet  
to hope.

They walk away in their different paths leaving  
me behind; if I am alone still it is sweet to  
listen for thy footsteps.

The wistful face of the earth weaving its autumn  
mists wakens longing in my heart; if it is in  
vain still it is sweet to feel the pain of longing.

## 12

HOLD thy faith firm, my heart, the day will dawn.  
The seed of promise is deep in the soil, it will  
sprout.

Sleep, like a bud, will open its heart to the light,  
and the silence will find its voice.

The day is near when thy burden will become thy  
gift, and thy sufferings will light up thy path.

## 13

THE wedding hour is in the twilight, when the birds have sung their last and the winds are at rest on the waters, when the sunset spreads the carpet in the bridal chamber and the lamp is made ready to burn through the night.

Behind the silent dark walks the Unseen Comer and my heart trembles.

All songs are hushed, for the service will be read under the evening star.

## 14

IN the night when noise is tired the murmur of  
the sea fills the air.

The vagrant desires of the day come back to their  
rest round the lighted lamp.

Love's play is stilled into worship, life's stream  
touches the deep, and the world of forms  
comes to its nest in the beauty beyond all  
forms.



## 15

WHO is awake all alone in this sleeping earth,  
in the air drowsing among the moveless  
leaves? awake in the silent birds' nests, in  
the secret centres of the flower buds? awake  
in the throbbing stars of the night, in the  
depth of the pain of my being?

## 16

You came to my door in the dawn and sang; it  
    angered me to be awakened from sleep, and  
    you went away unheeded.

You came in the noon and asked for water; it  
    vexed me in my work, and you were sent  
    away with reproaches.

You came in the evening with your flaming torches.  
You seemed to me like a terror and I shut my door.  
Now in the midnight I sit alone in my lampless  
    room and call you back whom I turned away  
    in insult.

## 17

PICK up this life of mine from the dust.

Keep it under your eyes, in the palm of your  
right hand.

Hold it up in the light, hide it under the shadow  
of death; keep it in the casket of the night  
with your stars, and then in the morning  
let it find itself among flowers that blossom  
in worship.

## 18

I KNOW that this life, missing its ripeness in love,  
is not altogether lost.

I know that the flowers that fade in the dawn,  
the streams that strayed in the desert, are  
not altogether lost.

I know that whatever lags behind in this life laden  
with slowness is not altogether lost.

I know that my dreams that are still unfulfilled,  
and my melodies still unstruck, are clinging  
to some lute-strings of thine, and they are  
not altogether lost.

## 19

You came to me in the wayward hours of spring  
with flute songs and flowers.

You troubled my heart from ripples into waves,  
rocking the red lotus of love.

You asked me to come out with you into the  
secret of life.

But I fell asleep among the murmurous leaves of  
May

When I woke the cloud gathered in the sky and  
the dead leaves flitted in the wind.

Through the patter of rain I hear your nearing  
footsteps and the cry to come out with you  
into the secret of death.

I walk to your side and put my hand into yours,  
while your eyes burn and water drips from  
your hair.

20

THE day is dim with rain.

Angry lightnings glance through the tattered  
cloud-veils

And the forest is like a caged lion shaking its  
mane in despair.

On such a day amidst the winds beating their  
wings, let me find my peace in thy presence,  
For the sorrowing sky has shadowed my solitude,  
to deepen the meaning of thy touch about  
my heart.

## 21

ON that night when the storm broke open my door  
I did not know that you entered my room through  
the ruins,

For the lamp was blown out, and it became dark;  
I stretched my arms to the sky in search of help.  
I lay on the dust waiting in the tumultuous dark  
and I knew not that storm was your own  
banner.

When the morning came I saw you standing upon  
the emptiness that was spread over my house.

## 22

Is it the Destroyer who comes?

For the boisterous sea of tears heaves in the flood-  
tide of pain.

The crimson clouds run wild in the wind lashed  
by lightning, and the thundering laughter of  
the Mad is over the sky.

Life sits in the chariot crowned by Death.

Bring out your tribute to him of all that you  
have.

Do not hug your savings to your heart, do not  
look behind,

Bend your head at his feet, trailing your hair  
in the dust.

Take to the road from this moment.

For the lamp is blown out and the house is deso-  
late.

The storm winds scream through your doors, the  
walls are rocking, and the call comes from  
the land of dimness beyond your ken.

Hide not your face in terror; tears are in vain;  
your door chains have snapped.



Run out for your voyage to the end of all joys  
and sorrows.

Let your steps be the steps of a desperate dance.  
Sing "Victory to Life in Death."

Accept your destiny, O Bride!

Put on your red robe to follow through the dark-  
ness the torchlight of the Bridegroom!

## 23

I CAME nearest to you, though I did not know  
it,—when I came to hurt you.

I owned you at last as my master when I fought  
against you to be defeated.

I merely made my debt to you burdensome when  
I robbed you in secret.

I struggled in my pride against your current only  
to feel all your force in my breast.

Rebelliously I put out the light in my house and  
your sky surprised me with its stars.

## 24

HAVE you come to me as my sorrow? All the  
more I must cling to you.

Your face is veiled in the dark, all the more I  
must see you.

At the blow of death from your hand let my life  
leap up in a flame.

Tears flow from my eyes,—let them flow round  
your feet in worship.

And let the pain in my breast speak to me that  
you are still mine.

## 25

I HID myself to evade you.

Now that I am caught at last, strike me, see if I  
flinch.

Finish the game for good.

If you win in the end, strip me of all that I have.

I have had my laughter and songs in wayside  
booths and stately halls,—now that you  
have come into my life, make me weep, see  
if you can break my heart.

## 26

WHEN I awake in thy love my night of ease will  
be ended.

Thy sunrise will touch my heart with its touch-  
stone of fire, and my voyage will begin in its  
orbit of triumphant suffering.

I shall dare to take up death's challenge and  
carry thy voice in the heart of mockery and  
menace.

I shall bare my breast against the wrongs hurled  
at thy children, and take the risk of stand-  
ing by thy side where none but thee remains.

27

I AM the weary earth of summer bare of life and  
parched.

I wait for thy shower to come down in the night  
when I open my breast and receive it in  
silence.

I long to give thee in return my songs and flowers.  
But empty is my store, and only the deep sigh  
rises from my heart through the withered  
grass.

But I know that thou wilt wait for the morning  
when my hours will brim with their riches.

28

COME to me like summer cloud, spreading thy  
showers from sky to sky.

Deepen the purple of the hills with thy majestic  
shadows, quicken the languid forests into  
flowers, and awaken in the hill-streams the  
fervour of the far-away quest.

Come to me like summer cloud, stirring my heart  
with the promise of hidden life, and the glad-  
ness of the green.

## 29

I HAVE met thee where the night touches the edge of the day; where the light startles the darkness into dawn, and the waves carry the kiss of the one shore to the other.

From the heart of the fathomless blue comes one golden call, and across the dusk of tears I try to gaze at thy face and know not for certain if thou art seen.



## 30

IF love be denied me then why does the morning  
break its heart in songs, and why are these  
whispers that the south wind scatters among  
the new-born leaves?

If love be denied me then why does the midnight  
bear in yearning silence the pain of the stars?  
And why does this foolish heart recklessly launch  
its hope on the sea whose end it does not  
know?

## 31

ONLY a portion of my gift is in this world, the  
rest of it is in my dreams.

You, who ever elude my touch, come there in  
secret silence, hiding your lamp.

I shall know you by the thrill in the darkness,  
by the whisper of the unseen worlds, by the  
breath of the unknown shore;—

I shall know you by the sudden delight of my  
heart melting into sadness of tears.

## 32

I KNOW you will win my heart some day, my  
lover.

Through your stars you gaze deep into my dreams;  
You send your secrets in your moonbeams to me,  
and I muse and my eyes dim with tears.

Your wooing is in the sunny sky thrilling in the  
tremulous leaves, in the idle hours overflow-  
ing with shepherds' piping, in the rain-  
dimmed dusk when the heart aches with its  
loneliness.

## 33

SOME one has secretly left in my hand a flower of  
love.

Some one has stolen my heart and scattered it  
abroad in the sky.

I know not if I have found him or I am seeking  
him everywhere, if it is a pang of bliss or of  
pain.

## 34

THE rains sweep the sky from end to end.

In the wild wet wind the jasmines revel in their  
own perfume.

There is a secret joy in the bosom of the night,  
it is the joy of the veiled sky in its hidden  
stars, the joy of the midnight forest in its  
hoarded bird-songs.

Let me fill my heart with it and carry it in secret  
through the day.

## 35

WHEN I travelled in the day I felt secure, and  
I did not heed the wonder of thy road, for I  
was proud of my speed; thy own light stood  
between me and thy presence.

Now it is night, and I feel thy road at every step  
in the dark and the scent of flowers filling  
the silence—like mother's whisper to the child  
when the light is out.

I hold tight thy hand and thy touch is with me  
in my loneliness.

## 36

SAILING through the night I came to life's feast,  
and the morning's golden goblet was filled  
with light for me.

I sang in joy,

I knew not who was the giver,

And I forgot to ask his name.

In the midday the dust grew hot under my feet  
and the sun overhead.

Overcome by thirst I reached the well.

Water was poured to me.

I drank it.

And while I loved the ruby cup that was sweet as  
a kiss,

I did not see him who held it and forgot to ask his  
name.

In the weary evening I seek my way home.

My guide comes with a lamp and beckons me.

I ask his name,

But I only see his light through the silence and  
feel his smile filling the darkness.

## 37

Do not leave me and go, for it is night.

The road through the wilderness is lonely and  
dark and lost in tangles:

The tired earth lies still, like one blind and with-  
out a staff.

I seem to have waited for this moment for ages  
to light my lamp and cull my flowers.

I have reached the brink of the shoreless sea to  
take my plunge and lose myself for ever.



## 38

I DID not know that I had thy touch before it was  
dawn.

The news has slowly reached me through my  
sleep, and I open my eyes with its surprise  
of tears.

The sky seems full of whispers for me and my  
limbs are bathed with songs.

My heart bends in worship like a dewladen flower,  
and I feel the flood of my life rushing to the  
endless.

## 39

No guest had come to my house for long, my doors were locked, my windows barred; I thought my night would be lonely.

When I opened my eyes I found the darkness had vanished.

I rose up and ran and saw the bolts of my gates all broken, and through the open door your wind and light waved their banner.

When I was a prisoner in my own house, and the doors were shut, my heart ever planned to escape and to wander.

Now at my broken gate, I sit still and wait for your coming,

You keep me bound by my freedom.

## 40

PUT out the lamps, my heart, the lamps of your  
lonely night.

The call comes to you to open your doors, for  
the morning light is abroad.

Leave your lute in the corner, my heart, the lute  
of your lonely life.

The call comes to you to come out in silence, for  
the morning sings your own songs.

## 41

THY gift of the earliest flower came to me this  
morning, and came the faint tuning of thy  
light.

I am a bee that has wallowed in the heart of thy  
golden dawn,

My wings are radiant with its pollen.

I have found my place in the feast of songs in  
thy April, and I am freed of my fetters like  
the morning of its mist in a mere play.

## 42

FREE me as free are the birds of the wilds, the  
wanderers of unseen paths.

Free me as free are the deluge of rain, and as the  
storm that shakes its locks and rushes on  
to its unknown end.

Free me as free is the forest fire, as is the thunder  
that laughs aloud and hurls defiance to  
darkness.

## 43

WHEN you called me I was asleep under the shadows of my walls and I did not hear you.

Then you struck me with your own hands and wakened me in tears.

I started up to see that the sun had risen, that the floodtide had brought the call of the deep, and my boat was ready rocking on the dancing water.

## 44

REJOICE!

For Night's fetters have broken, the dreams have  
vanished.

Thy word has rent its veils, the buds of morning  
are opened; awake, O sleeper!

Light's greetings spread from the East to the West,  
And at the ramparts of the ruined prison rise  
the paeans of Victory!

## 45

IN this moment I see you seated upon the morning's golden carpet.

The sun shines in your crown, the stars drop at your feet, the crowds come and bow to you and go, and the poet sits speechless in the corner.



## 46

MY guest has come to my door in this autumn  
morning.

Sing, my heart, sing thy welcome!

Make thy song the song of the sunlit blue, of  
the dew-damp air, of the lavish gold of har-  
vest fields, of the laughter of the loud water.

Or stand mute before him for awhile gazing at  
his face;

Then leave thy house and go out with him in  
silence.

## 47

I LIVED on the shady side of the road and watched  
my neighbours' gardens across the way  
revelling in the sunshine.

I felt I was poor, and from door to door went  
with my hunger.

The more they gave me from their careless abund-  
ance the more I became aware of my beg-  
gar's bowl.

Till one morning I awoke from my sleep at the  
sudden opening of my door, and you came  
and asked for alms.

In despair I broke the lid of my chest open and  
was startled into finding my own wealth.

## 48

THOU hast taken him to thine arms and crowned  
him with death, him who ever waited out-  
side like a beggar at life's feast.

Thou hast put thy right hand on his failures and  
kissed him with peace that stills life's tur-  
bulent thirst.

Thou hast made him one with all kings and with  
the ancient world of wisdom.

## 49

IN the world's dusty road I lost my heart, but  
you picked it up in your hand.

I gleaned sorrow while seeking for joy, but the  
sorrow which you sent to me has turned to  
joy in my life.

My desires were scattered in pieces, you gathered  
them and strung them in your love.

And while I wandered from door to door, every  
step led me to your gate.

## 50

I WAS with the crowd when I was in the road;  
Where the road ends I find myself alone with you.  
I knew not when my day dimmed into dusk and  
my companions left me.  
I knew not when your doors opened and I stood  
surprised at my own heart's music.  
But are there still traces of tears in my eyes  
though the bed is made, the lamp is lit, and  
we are alone, you and I?

## 51

WHEN they came and clamoured and surrounded  
me they hid thee from my sight.

I thought I would bring to thee my gifts last of  
all.

Now that the day has waned, and they have  
taken their dues and left me alone,

I see thee standing at the door.

But I find I have no gift remaining to give, and  
I hold both my hands up to thee.

## 52

MUCH have you given to me,

Yet I ask for more.—

I come to you not merely for the draught of  
water, but for the spring;

Not for guidance to the door alone, but to the  
Master's hall; not only for the gift of love,  
but for the lover himself.

## 53

I HAVE come to thee to take thy touch before I  
begin my day.

Let thy eyes rest upon my eyes for awhile.

Let me take to my work the assurance of thy  
comradeship, my friend.

Fill my mind with thy music to last through the  
desert of noise!

Let thy Love's sunshine kiss the peaks of my  
thoughts and linger in my life's valley where  
the harvest ripens.



## 54

STAND before my eyes, and let thy glance touch  
my songs into a flame.

Stand among thy stars and let me find kindled  
in their lights my own fire of worship.

The earth is waiting at the world's wayside;

Stand upon the green mantle she has flung upon  
thy path; and let me feel in her grass and  
meadow flowers the spread of my own salu-  
tation.

Stand in my lonely evening where my heart  
watches alone; fill her cup of solitude, and  
let me feel in me the infinity of thy love.

## 55

LET thy love play upon my voice and rest on my  
silence.

Let it pass through my heart into all my move-  
ments.

Let thy love like stars shine in the darkness of  
my sleep and dawn in my awakening.

Let it burn in the flame of my desires

And flow in all currents of my own love.

Let me carry thy love in my life as a harp does  
its music, and give it back to thee at last  
with my life.

## 56

YOU hide yourself in your own glory, my King.  
The sand-grain and the dew-drop are more  
proudly apparent than yourself.  
The world unabashed calls all things its own  
that are yours—yet it is never brought to  
shame.  
You make room for us while standing aside in  
silence; therefore love lights her own lamp  
to seek you and comes to your worship un-  
bidden.

57

WHEN from the house of feast I came back home,  
the spell of the midnight quieted the dance  
in my blood.

My heart became silent at once like a deserted  
theatre with its lamps out.

My mind crossed the dark and stood among the  
stars, and I saw that we were playing un-  
afraid in the silent courtyard of our King's  
palace.

## 58

I WAS musing last night on my spendthrift days,  
when I thought you spoke to me—

“In youth’s careless career you kept all the doors  
open in your house.

The world went in and out as it pleased—the  
world with its dust, doubts, and disorder—  
and with its music.

With the wild crowd I came to you again and  
again unknown and unbidden.

Had you kept shut your doors in wise seclusion  
how could I have found my way into your  
house?”

## 59

NONE needs be thrust aside to make room for you.  
When love prepares your seat she prepares it for  
all.

Where the earthly King appears, guards keep out  
the crowd, but when you come, my King,  
the whole world comes in your wake.

## 60

WITH his morning songs he knocks at our door  
bringing his greetings of sunrise.

With him we take our cattle to the fields and  
play our flute in the shade.

We lose him to find him again and again in the  
market crowd.

In the busy hour of the day we come upon him  
of a sudden, sitting on the wayside grass.

We march when he beats his drum,

We dance when he sings.

We stake our joys and sorrows to play his game  
to the end

He stands at the helm of our boat,

With him we rock on the perilous waves.

For him we light our lamp and wait when our day  
is done.

## 61

RUN to his side as his comrades where he works  
with all workers.

Sit around him as his partners where he plays his  
games.

Follow him where he marches, keeping step to  
the rhythm of his drumbeats.

Rush into the thick of the fair—the fair of life and  
death—

For there he is with the crowd in the heart of its  
tumult.

Do not falter in your journey across the lonely  
hills over the thorns.

For his call sounds at every step and we know  
that it is love's voice.



62

WHEN bells sounded in your temple in the morning, men and women hastened down the woodland path with their offerings of fresh flowers.

But I lay on the grass in the shade and let them pass by.

I think it was well that I was idle, for then my flowers were in bud.

At the end of the day they have bloomed, and I go to my evening worship.

## 63

MY King's road that lies still before my house  
makes my heart wistful.

It stretches its beckoning hand towards me; its  
silence calls me out of my home; with dumb  
entreaties it kisses my feet at every step.

It leads me on I know not to what abandonment,  
to what sudden gain or surprises of distress.

I know not where its windings end—

But my King's road that lies still before my  
house makes my heart wistful.

## 64

WHILE I walk to my King's house at the end of  
the day the travellers come to ask me—

“What hast thou for King's tribute?”

I do not know what to show them or how to  
answer, for I have merely this song.

My preparation is large in my house, where the  
claim is much and many are the claimants.

But when I come to my King's house I have  
only this single song to offer it for his wreath.

## 65

My songs are the same as are the spring flowers,  
they come from you.

Yet I bring these to you as my own.

You smile and accept them, and you are glad at  
my joy of pride.

If my song flowers are frail and they fade and  
drop in the dust, I shall never grieve.

For absence is not loss in your hand, and the fugi-  
tive moments that blossom in beauty are  
kept ever fresh in your wreath.

## 66

MY King, thou hast called me to play my flute  
at the roadside, that they who bear the bur-  
den of voiceless life may stop in their errands  
for a moment and sit and wonder before the  
balcony of thy palace gate; that they may see  
anew the ever old and find afresh what is  
ever about them, and say, "The flowers are  
in bloom, and the birds sing."

WHEN my first early songs woke in my heart I  
thought they were the playmates of the  
morning flowers.

When they shook their wings and flew into the  
wilderness it seemed to me that they had the  
spirit of the summer which comes down with  
a sudden thunder roar to spend its all in  
laughter.

I thought that they had the mad call of the  
storm to rush and lose their way beyond  
the sunset land.

But now when in the evening light I see the blue  
line of the shore,

I know my songs are the boat that has brought  
me to the harbour across the wild sea.

68

THERE are numerous strings in your lute, let me  
add my own among them.

Then when you smite your chords my heart will  
break its silence and my life will be one with  
your song.

Amidst your numberless stars let me place my  
own little lamp.

In the dance of your festival of lights my heart  
will throb and my life will be one with your  
smile.

## 69

LET my song be simple as the waking in the morning, as the dripping of dew from the leaves,

Simple as the colours in clouds and showers of rain in the midnight.

But my lute strings are newly strung and they dart their notes like spears sharp in their newness.

Thus they miss the spirit of the wind and hurt the light of the sky; and these strains of my songs fight hard to push back thy own music.



## 70

I HAVE seen thee play thy music in life's dancing  
hall; in the sudden leaf-burst of spring thy  
laughter has come to greet me; and lying  
among field flowers I have heard in the grass  
thy whisper.

The child has brought to my house the message  
of thy hope, and the woman the music of  
thy love.

Now I am waiting on the seashore to feel thee in  
death, to find life's refrain back again in the  
star songs of the night.

## 71

I REMEMBER my childhood when the sunrise, like my play-fellow, would burst in to my bedside with its daily surprise of morning; when the faith in the marvellous bloomed like fresh flowers in my heart every day, looking into the face of the world in simple gladness; when insects, birds and beasts, the common weeds, grass and the clouds had their fullest value of wonder; when the patter of rain at night brought dreams from the fairyland, and mother's voice in the evening gave meaning to the stars.

And then I think of death, and the rise of the curtain and the new morning and my life awakened in its fresh surprise of love.

72

WHEN my heart did not kiss thee in love, O  
world, thy light missed its full splendour  
and thy sky watched through the long night  
with its lighted lamp.

My heart came with her songs to thy side, whis-  
pers were exchanged, and she put her wreath  
on thy neck.

I know she has given thee something which will  
be treasured with thy stars.

## 73

THOU hast given me thy seat at thy window from  
the early hour.

I have spoken to thy silent servants of the road  
running on thy errands, and have sung with  
thy choir of the sky.

I have seen the sea in calm bearing its immeasur-  
able silence, and in storm struggling to break  
open its own mystery of depth.

I have watched the earth in its prodigal feast  
of youth, and in its slow hours of brooding  
shadows.

Those who went to sow seeds have heard my  
greetings, and those who brought their har-  
vest home or their empty baskets have passed  
by my songs.

Thus at last my day has ended and now in the  
evening I sing my last song to say that I  
have loved thy world.

## 74

It has fallen upon me, the service of thy singer.  
In my songs I have voiced thy spring flowers,  
    and given rhythm to thy rustling leaves.  
I have sung into the hush of thy night and peace  
    of thy morning.  
The thrill of the first summer rains has passed  
    into my tunes, and the waving of the autumn  
    harvest.  
Let not my song cease at last, my Master, when  
    thou breakest my heart to come into my  
    house, but let it burst into thy welcome.

75

GUESTS of my life,

You came in the early dawn, and you in the night,  
Your name was uttered by the Spring flowers  
and yours by the showers of rain.

You brought the harp into my house and you  
brought the lamp.

After you had taken your leave I found God's  
footprints on my floor.

Now when I am at the end of my pilgrimage I  
leave in the evening flowers of worship my  
salutations to you all.

## 76

I FELT I saw your face, and I launched my boat  
in the dark.

Now the morning breaks in smiles and the spring  
flowers are in bloom.

Yet should the light fail and the flowers fade  
I will sail onward.

When you made mute signal to me the world  
slumbered and the darkness was bare.

Now the bells ring loud and the boat is laden  
with gold.

Yet should the bells become silent and my boat  
be empty I will sail onward.

Some boats have gone away and some are not  
ready, but I will not tarry behind.

The sails have filled, the birds come from the  
other shore.

Yet, if the sails droop, if the message of the shore  
be lost, I will sail onward.

77

“TRAVELLER, where do you go?”

“I go to bathe in the sea in the redd’ning dawn,  
along the tree-bordered path.”

“Traveller, where is that sea?”

“There where this river ends its course, where  
the dawn opens into morning, where the day  
droops to the dusk.”

“Traveller, how many are they who come with  
you?”

“I know not how to count them.

They are travelling all night with their lamps  
lit, they are singing all day through land  
and water.”

“Traveller, how far is the sea?”

“How far is it we all ask?

The rolling roar of its water swells to the sky when  
we hush our talk.

It ever seems near yet far.”

“Traveller, the sun is waxing strong.”

“Yes, our journey is long and grievous.



Sing who are weary in spirit, sing who are timid  
of heart.”

“Traveller, what if the night overtakes you?”

“We shall lie down to sleep till the new morning  
dawns with its songs, and the call of the sea  
floats in the air.”

78

COMRADE of the road,  
Here are my traveller's greetings to thee.  
O Lord of my broken heart, of leave taking and  
    loss, of the grey silence of the dayfall,  
My greetings of the ruined house to thee!  
O Light of the new-born morning,  
Sun of the everlasting day,  
My greetings of the undying hope to thee!  
My guide,  
I am a wayfarer of an endless road,  
My greetings of a wanderer to thee.

THE END

**T**HE following pages contain advertisements of  
Macmillan books by the same author.



## Sacrifice and Other Plays

Including Sanyasi, or the Ascetic, Malini, Sacrifice, and  
The King and the Queen

*Cloth, \$1.50; leather, \$1.75*

Cast in dramatic form, these plays are intended for the reading public rather than for stage presentation. The scenes are laid in India with native characters. The underlying motive of each is the seeking of the real amid the unreal—whether love as it appeared to the awakened senses of the ascetic; or the vision of the soul, piercing the shams of the priest to the preception of Deity. That the qualities of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's literary genius well fit him for the writing of plays, his published books have already demonstrated.

## My Reminiscences

With frontispiece from the portrait in colors by Sasi Kumar Hesh,  
and other illustrations

*Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50; leather, \$2.00*

“We are taken into his very bosom, and are permitted to watch the processes of the development of his mental and spiritual natures, and thus acquire such understanding and ability to appreciate his writings as could be got in no other way. If there are—as we suspect—those who are at a loss to interpret for themselves the meaning of Sir Rabindranath's poems, dramas, essays, and what not, they are advised to read this most interesting volume. It will serve as a key to and an illumination of his other works, besides well repaying perusal for its own sake.”—*New York Tribune*.

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

## Personality

*Cloth, \$1.55; leather, \$2.00*

An interesting series of lectures among which are "What is Art?" "Meditation," "My School," "The Second Birth" and "The World of Personality."

## The Cycle of Spring

*Cloth, \$1.25; leather, \$1.75*

Tagore represents a rare development of dramatic genius, one peculiarly Indian in character. In his plays there is little striving after ordinary stage effects, no bid for a curtain, no holding up of the moment of suspense, in order to force a sensation with which we are so familiar on our American stage. He attains a naturalness of style, a simplicity of mode, a fluidity of movement, which is congenially influenced by the musical affinity of his themes and the leisurely drama of the open air and the courtyard.

## Nationalism

*\$1.25*

A series of lectures consisting of "Nationalism in the West," "Nationalism in Japan," "Nationalism in India."

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

## Gitanjali: Song Offering

*Cloth, \$1.25; leather, \$1.75*

“Mr. Tagore’s translations are of trance-like beauty.”  
—*The London Athenæum*.

“These poems are representative of the highest degree of culture, and yet instinct with the simplicity and directness of the dweller on the soil.”—*New York Sun*.

“. . . it is the essence of all poetry of East and West alike—the language of the soul.”—*The Indian Magazine and Review*.

## Songs of Kabir

*Cloth, \$1.25; leather, \$1.75*

“Wonderfully graphic, conveying the universal thought of the Hindu poet, yet retaining mystic Eastern symbolism in expressing it.”—*Baltimore Sun*.

“The trend of Mr. Tagore’s mystical genius makes him a peculiarly sympathetic interpreter of Kabir’s vision and thought, and the book is perhaps one of the most important which that famous Hindu has introduced to the western world.”—*Hartford Post*.

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers      64-66 Fifth Avenue      New York

THE WORKS OF SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

## Chitra: A Play in One Act

*Cloth, \$1.00; leather, \$1.75*

“He has given us the soul of the East disembodied of its sensuality, and within it shines the most perfect tribute to true womanhood and its claims.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

“The play is told with the simplicity and wonder of imagery always characteristic of Rabindranath Tagore.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## The Crescent Moon: Child Poems

*Cloth, \$1.25; leather, \$1.75*

“Comes closest to life as we know it and to the spirit of the West. . . . We can accept his lyrics of children in full comprehension of their worth, even though we have few poets who speak with such understanding.”  
—*The Outlook*.

“Tagore is probably the greatest living poet, and this book of child poems has the bloom of all young life upon it faithfully transcribed by genius.”—*Metropolitan*.

## The Gardener

*Cloth, \$1.25; leather, \$1.75*

“The very stuff of imagination. . . . Their beauty is as delicate as the reflection of the color of a flower.”  
—*Westminster Gazette*.

“The verses in this book are far finer and more genuine than even the best in ‘Gitanjali.’”—*The Daily News* (London).

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York



## Stray Birds

*Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50*

Frontispiece in color and decorations by WILLY POGANY

Here is the kernel of the wisdom and insight of the great Hindu seer in the form of short extracts. These sayings are largely taken from his other works, and are the essence of his Eastern message to the Western world. The frontispiece and decorations by Willy Pogany are beautiful in themselves and enhance the spiritual significance of this extraordinary book.

## Fruit Gathering

*Cloth, \$1.25; leather, \$1.75*

“Tagore shows us a shining pathway up which we can confidentially travel to those regions of wisdom and experience which consciously or unconsciously we try to reach.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## The Hungry Stones and Other Stories

*Cloth, \$1.35; leather, \$1.75*

“These short stories furnish a double guarantee of the Hindu Nobel Prize winner’s rightful place among the notable literary figures of our time.”—*New York Globe*.

“Imagination, charm of style, poetry, and depth of feeling without gloominess, characterize this volume of stories of the Eastern poet.”—*Boston Transcript*.

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

# THE WORKS OF SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

## THE NEW BOLPUR EDITION OF

### “The Standard Edition of Tagore’s Works”

*Each volume in the Bolpur Edition, cloth, \$1.50; leather, \$2.00*

This beautiful new edition, named after Tagore’s famous school at Bolpur, India, is a fitting celebration of his recent visit to America. There are ten volumes in the Bolpur Edition, representing Tagore’s previously published poems, plays and essays, and his two new books just issued, “Fruit Gathering,” and “The Hungry Stones, and Other Stories.”

The paper, printing and general appearance of the volumes are unusual, carrying out the intention of the publishers to make these books the standard editions of this distinguished poet’s works.

A special design has been made for the covers, the end papers and title pages are in colors, and each volume contains a photogravure frontispiece, one of these from a portrait of Tagore taken during his recent visit to Japan.

#### SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE’S WORKS

*(Complete in the Bolpur Edition)*

**FRUIT GATHERING.** (Just published.) A sequel to the famous *Gitanjali*.

**THE HUNGRY STONES, AND OTHER STORIES.** (Just published.)

**CHITRA:** A Play in One Act.

**THE CRESCENT MOON:** Child Poems.

**THE GARDENER:** Love Poems.

**GITANJALI:** Religious Poems.

**THE KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER.** A Play.

**SONGS OF KABIR.**

**SADHANA:** The Realization of Life.

**THE POST OFFICE:** A Play.

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: July 2009

**Preservation Technology**  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 15066

APR 26 1918

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 677 361 8

